

The Life Of The Opposed

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Summary: This story contains the story of multiple individuals through-out the HL2 world, located in City 18. Watch as these characters go on a journey for freedom, away from poverty.

The Life Of The Opposed

Nigel

Nigel is a 6'0" male who has a British accent, and a nice complexion. He has black hair and grey eyes.

Nigel slowly walked through the crowded streets of City 18 the rain pouring down onto his already soaked body and jumpsuit, his hands stuffed into his pockets and his face showing despair. He raised his right hand up to the knob of the doors to the apartment block that he was assigned to and swung them open, not caring as he watched the knobs slam into the walls. He then closed the doors and moved up to his apartment in haste, looking forward to seeing his friend Hazel, a 5'8" woman who, like Nigel, was twenty four. She had flowing black hair and had hazel colored eyes, she was everything Nigel hoped for in a woman. He walked down the corridor leading to his apartment, his eyes widening as he saw the door laying down on the ground, clearly having been kicked down. He sprinted inside and reached down to his boots, drawing out two makeshift shanks, which were considerably dull. Hazel screamed out: "Let me go, let me go!" as she tried to pull away from the two recruits, which would have her pressed up against the wall, one removing a zip-tie. Nigel rushed up to the two and swiftly rammed the one blade into the unit to his left's intestines, the other one being sent into the other unit's kidneys, their thin kevlar not protecting them. One unit immediately fell over, sliding off of the shank, a quiet thud being heard as his body slams against the wooden floorboards. The other moved his hand down to the shank, still inside of his body, and attempted to rip it out, prying it from Nigel's hands.

Nigel watched in horror as the shank was pried away from him, his

eyes widening. He quickly backed up, his back pressing up against the wall of the apartment after he took quite a few steps back. The unit raised the shank into the air and then sent his hand forward, releasing the shank. It then flew forward and hit the wall, falling to the ground afterwards. Afterwards he watched as Hazel charged into the recruit, sending him into the counter located near the stove, a stool being sent to the ground in the sudden movement. Nigel rushed forward and placed his hands on the back of the recruit's head, slamming his head into the edge of the counter, the ridge of his nose hitting it first. The recruit then flopped over, groaning as he moved his hand down to the stab wound, thrashing around in pain. Nigel quickly moved towards the stove, opening up a drawer and then pushing aside two spoons before pulling out a fork, then rushing back to the two units rolling around on the floor.

He looked down to them, his eyes wide as always as he moved down to kneel. He whispered to the two: "I-I'm so sorry.." before beginning to stab them with the dull fork, killing them after multiple stabs.

Hazel

Hazel looked down at Nigel as she watched him stab the units, her lower lip quivering as she dropped down onto the sofa, instantly sending her hands up to her head to cover her face, afterwards beginning to sob. She inhaled and exhaled quickly, her body shaking as thoughts began to race through her mind. "What if they make us into slaves?" "What if they kill us?" she thought. Hazel then slumped over to the right, her head hitting the hard arm of the sofa, clearly not caring about the pain going through her head. She suddenly felt a hand on her shoulder, knowing it was Nigel she said quietly: "Why did this have to happen?", Nigel then responding in a soft voice: "It could have happened to anybody, Hazel..". She wiped her still watering eyes and said quickly: "We have to run.. get their guns!". Hazel then pushed herself off of the couch and ran to the door, sprinting towards the stairs. She went up until she was just under the final level. She ran down the corridor and pushed the door at the end open, then turning to the right to look across the bridge. She inhaled the fresh air and looked back to the door to see Nigel running down the hall, holding HK USP Matches in both hands. She then crouched and moved across the bridge in haste, standing as she crossed it, letting out a loud sigh of relief.

Hazel raised her right hand up and motioned for Nigel to follow her as she walked down the alley, still shaking a bit. She walked until she reached a door, the door to an abandoned apartment building. She pushed it open and walked inside, closing it after Nigel. They then walked into one of the rooms and shut the door, both of them falling down onto a small, green sofa, tension being felt, body heat also hitting each of them. Hazel looked to Nigel, a smile sliding across her face as she said with joy: "Nigel.. thank's for saving my ass.". In response Nigel grinned and said in a tired, quiet voice: "All in the day's work..", Hazel then giggled and closed her eyes, falling asleep easily.

Six hours later, Hazel awoke and inhaled deeply as she opened her eyes, the smell of eggs filling the room. She forced herself up and looked in awe as she spotted Nigel next to the stove, staring down at the eggs. Hazel stuffed her hands into her jumpsuit's pockets and said out-loud to Nigel: "How the hell did you get that, Nigel?",

Nigel slowly turned around, smiling as he looked at her up and down. He then responded: "Why, hello sleeping beauty! Nice to see you awake." Hazel moved up to the stove and looked down to the eggs saying once again: "How did you get those?" as she withdrew her right hand from her pockets, pointing down to the eggs. Once again, Nigel responded: "I was out for a walk, and I found this guy.. rather shady if you ask me. He said if I wanted any goods so I just said sure, he brought me to a nice little restaurant near here and showed me a lot of food.. so I picked eggs, and here we are now." He then reached up to a wooden cabinet above the stove, drawing out two white plates with a black stripe going around the circular object. He then slid 1/2 of the now finished scrambled eggs onto one plate and did the same for the other, then moving away from the stove and placing the plates on the ground saying: "Let me fetch us some forks..". Nigel turned around and walked back to the stove and reached to a drawer, his fingers wrapping around the wooden knob of it. He slowly slid it open and reached inside, drawing out two shining metal forks. He then turned and placed one fork on each plate, afterwards sitting cross-legged in front of one plate, beginning to eat. Hazel then took a seat and took hold of the fork, gratefully beginning to eat the eggs, remembering when she used sit in her mother and father's house, filling herself up with toast, bacon, and eggs.

End
file.